

## PARIS LETTER.

The Season, Political, Social, and Theatrical, Fairly Opened.

Sara Bernhardt and Her Husband As Rival Attractions.

The New and Innocent Young Prima Donna, Rafaela Patini.

Dresses as Works of Art—Description of the Studio Where They are Made.

## Special Letter.

PARIS, Oct. 20.—Paris is looking its old gay self. The theaters are packed, the fashionable Bois de Boulogne is crowded with superb equipages, and with the exception of the filthy streets, one may well recognize Paris of old. The political excitement is indeed great. The unhappy incident of the king of Spain having been insulted so publicly is said not to pass unnoticed. Even staunch republicans are indignant at such a shocking lack of courtesy to any stranger, and, above all, at a time when France needs to put her best foot forward. I have talked with an eminent politician who affirms that France will immediately seek an alliance with England. What a prospect! (Gaiety's remarks, (the last he ever made) on the subject? "We seek alliance with England, not because we are in a position to demand, but to supplicate. France may be treated in any fashion, but England knows how to make her allies respected, and we now have need of being respected. As England's ally foreign powers may no longer laugh at La Belle France. I think I have given you an exaggerated notion of his vast importance. I shall never forget the impression they made on the house. There was such an uproar as one could hear from other than a revolutionary mob. Poor Gambetta! With all of his faults he was necessary to France.

Until the close of the chamber of deputies it will be impossible to form any exact estimate of the political situation. Every one admits that it is at present very serious. We may wake up tomorrow and hear that he has been elected, and we may hear it the day following. The general dissatisfaction is so great that no extraordinary event would seem in the least surprising. I have given you reading the dailies. With the exception of the *Figaro* no newspaper is possible—exaggeration, insult, childishness, abuse of every country, the insane cry for stimulants of the victim already in the throes of delirium tremens. To leave politics, we make an enormous stride. A young and charming prima donna has just left (via Paris) for America. She is one of Mapleson's new treasures, a perfect beauty, and her name is Rafaela Patini. I heard her sing this summer at Aix-les-Bains in "La Sonnambula." She is quite charming, but a real novice. She acted Annina with perfect grace and naturalness. Her voice is a rare gift, but, unfortunately, she is not a singer. I hope for her sake that Mapleson will not star her at once. She has a future, but must go slowly at first. She is a native of Bucharest, of good family, of excellent education, with a charming nature and simplicity of manner. She is quite the little lady, and has but just accomplished the seductive eighteenth year. She sang with great success in Barcelona and at Aix. She seems to me a marvel for a beauty who has been in the world before the public. Her master is the tenor Bellini, husband of Mme. Trebelli, an excellent artist and professor. Mlle. Patini is said to please and take a hold upon the American public.

The next business I must mention is Mr. "Mañana." He need no longer pass for "le mari de madame," his own talent being quite sufficient to make him remarked in the world. His debut was at the Gymnase in "A Parisian Romance" in the part of the hero, Targue. He is natural, refined, and a gentleman on the stage. His physique is felicitous in every sense of the word. Tall, dark, well made, he is as graceful as a man can possibly be. He moves with a grace and ease, and his voice is the recipient of such ovations as only his wife has yet received in Paris. The house rose repeatedly to applaud him, and that without any prejudice in his favor. On the contrary, Mr. Mañana had his own way, and the popular opinion was decidedly against his possessing any talent as an actor. Three new and important roles have already been allotted him, and if he repeat his success in "A Parisian Romance," he will be one of the first of the new stars.

Mme. Pasqua, as she always is, the great and sympathetic artist. The role of the mother suited her to perfection, and the scenes between herself and son were the most natural and touching scenes of the season. Germain, the creator of the role, the Baron de Chievral, most absolutely yielded the palm of superior excellence to young Richard Mansfield, of the Union Square theater, New York. He is not only a singer, but in every way more original than Saint Germain. My surprise was unbounded. The creator of the part is a great actor, and has been a favorite Parisian artist for many years, which means that in America he is not only a success, but a perfect success. "A Parisian Romance" is more perfectly given than in Paris, and that praise of Richard Mansfield is even greater by comparison. It is something to outdo Saint Germain—it is much, very much, to outdistance him completely.

As usual the theaters are traps for fire and fever. Ventilation is unknown in any Parisian playhouse. The atmosphere is something too terrible to stand for more than an hour, and should a conflagration occur, it is itself I do not see how any one could escape alive. The Theater du Palais Royal is another trap quite as bad. Hot! Hot! Well, it must have been over 130° in the shade—house packed and no ventilation. But I must indeed only the play to sit out an evening in such trid boxes.

The new success, "Ma Camarade," by Meilhac and Pia Gille, takes the Palais Royal artists to the utmost. It may be called a great success, but it is not quite "Divorçons." There are some unusual situations, and one act devoted to a fortune teller and her various visitors, which is with any comedy scene written. Mlle. Lohai is a charming artist, but she is not quite "Divorçons." The comedy is always the same (comique), and the number of pretty women on the stage (who come to a little drum in act second) are enough to fill the Palais Royal with bald and covered heads for the ensuing season. There are lovely toilettes, and a few at the house of one of the demi-monde is very successful. The costuming of the piece, every decoration, in fact, is of more than the usual luxury. The ensemble is, of course, perfect, and during five long acts a Palais Royal public screams with laughter and amusement. Some things are a little decolote naturally, but this piece is less risky than "Divorçons," although essentially a Parisian success and a Parisian piece.

Sara Bernhardt is packing the Porte St. Martin with "Frou-Frou." Never has this artist been so perfect as at present. She is getting quite stout. Her face has filled out a little. She is at times positively pretty. In fact, she is the wonder of wonders. Sara Bernhardt of today is no longer thin; her waist is no longer square; her form no longer singular. She looks younger, happier, and more debonair than even. To me she is perfection as "Frou-Frou." It is the greatest role she has ever played. Consider her comeliness somewhat after Desdemona, but Bernhardt was never a tragedienne. It is a pity her new caprice, Mlle. Marais, is but a mediocre talent. Daniais may have been, would be, much better. Marais was a good Compe in Pamiou, but Gilbert's husband in "Frou-Frou" he is quite below the average.

As usual, the lady has some charming toilettes. A negligee of cream and lace absolutely looks like the faint upon the distant wave. It is so light, so diaphanous and soft. Apropos, may we speak of the ladies—what they wear and where many of them get their dresses?

Mme. Delannoy, No. 13 rue du Helder, in the Worth of Paris. It is long since I saw such an array of silk, velvet, and lace as to quite turn one's head. There was a delicious house dress of marine blue velvet, with front

of Indian cashmere, tulle, polonaise, with a band of fine gold braid. Frills of yellow lace almost hid the cashmere quite to the bottom of the robe. The sleeve was a gigot, the lower part of arm quite tight. Most all dresses are looped with paniers, and, if we are to believe quite out of the hips; some have little jackets loose in front flowing away from a waist (waist) of muslin. Around the waist is the old-fashioned baby tuck, wide and folded in several places. Mme. Delannoy dresses the great ladies of Paris, many Russian princesses, and many lovely Austrians, who certainly know how to don pretty gowns to perfection. She also dressed Mme. de Tava, the Italian minister's wife at Washington, and Mme. Bara, wife of the late Spanish minister, the lovely Countess Lion de Muische, and hosts of others too numerous to mention.

Dear me! What a concentration all of this toilette! Dresses are become such a matter of study and art that the anatomy of a great house is a curious thing. Wish you could see the artists at Delannoy's. One man selecting colors, another drawing a model of a particular dress for a particular person, colors for day, colors for night, styles for stout and styles for thin, laces and embroideries, velvets and stuffs, dresses made for Brazil, others to ship to America, some for Russia, and I don't know where else besides. It is such a *maison de confiance* that I do not wonder that it is an enormous business. I have one great thing to say of her toilettes, the price, and the fit. Whatever she says it will cost one's bill comes to a son what was the dress? As to make and fit, they are so completed that one may get up in the dead of night in the dark, put on one of her gowns, and present oneself before the world without ever having to look into a glass, sure that all is right, perfect, no strings hanging, nothing has given way in the night. The gown is always, after the first trial, ready at any moment to be put on. What can I say more? This seems to me the triumph of the costume designer. In Paris one no longer visits the galleries of paintings; one spends one's time at their dressmakers. The pictures are quite as pretty. FELDEN.

## HE FELL AMONG THIEVES.

A Stranger Kept in a House for Ten Days and Robbed of a Large Sum of Money—The House Raided and the Parties Arrested.

Yesterday morning Detective Raff found a man wandering about the streets in an intoxicated condition. When questioned he said his name was Hugh McCashin; that he was a blacksmith, and had come from Laurel, Md., about ten days ago. He then detailed the following remarkable story:

On the night of his arrival, being a stranger, he asked a man on the street where he could obtain a lodging, and was directed to house No. 56 C street, near the Baltimore and Ohio depot. Here he spent ten days, and claims that he was robbed of \$300. The house was by John Campbell and his wife, both colored, and is known to be a villain den. McCashin was accommodated with lodgings and a companion. The next morning when he awoke there were two pilsbury cakes and a large number of empty champagne bottles, which Campbell's wife informed him he had emptied. She had the night before taken charge of \$104 of McCashin's money, and notified him that he was to have the money in the morning. He was very drunk, having been given the vilest sort of liquor. The woman also informed him that he must pay the money, and that he must draw it from the bank. He said he had gone through the bank and found his bank book, and had evidently resolved to secure all his money. McCashin went to the bank of Washington with Campbell and drew \$100. On the way back to the house the latter told him to take some purchases for his wife and the "sweet girl." When he returned to the house he paid Campbell's wife the \$84 which she claimed, and remained there, having secured with "the woman."

He says that very little food was given him, and that when he asked for liquor was given him. Last Friday, he states, Mrs. Campbell told him that she wanted \$100, and that if he did not give it to her, she would have the consequences if it was not paid. So again in company with Campbell and another man, he went to the bank and drew the remaining \$104. This he also gave to Mrs. Campbell, and she told him to take the more liquor. He remained in the house until Monday, when he says he found himself walking the streets. McCashin had but a faint recollection of what had transpired, and had almost forgotten the least of his misadventure. After Mr. Raff had drawn from him the story, he swore out a warrant against Campbell and his wife.

A white man was seated at a table drinking with a colored woman when the detectives came. He was not drunk, and although he begged to be released he was held as a witness. Campbell and his wife, two women and four men, three colored and one white, were arrested. The whole party was taken to the police station, where the white man and one woman left collateral. The rest were locked up. The women, including Campbell's wife, are all mulattoes, and are of rather comely appearance. Campbell is a tall, dark man, with black whiskers, and is well marked. Both Campbell and his wife deny that they stole the money, but say that they had simply charged McCashin for what he got from them; that he drank an immense quantity of champagne, and his board cost them a great deal, and his wife was charged with grand larceny, unlicensed bar, and with keeping a bawdy house. McCashin was also held as a witness.

McCashin is a short man, about 35 years of age, and was still suffering from his prolonged debauch. He detailed the story given above, and appeared anxious to have his "bleeders" punished. He says that he has a wife and children in Albany, N. Y. The house that was visited is a tall, red brick dwelling and in better days was occupied by respectable people. The front room on the lower floor is used as a bar room and office. In the rear room were arranged quite a number of tables, covered with white cloth, and the place the air of an oyster or ice cream saloon. The upper floors were fitted up in good style as bed rooms. A register in the office contained the names of the lodgers, and a surprising feature was that every man who had stayed there was accompanied by his wife. Even McCashin was put down as having his wife with him, but when questioned he denied the soft impeachment and said that it was only a "yaller gal." The place is said to be the resort of the lowest characters in the city, but many prominent colored men are said to visit there. Detectives Raff, Black, and Carter, and Officers Quinlan and Lamb participated in the raid. Attraction to form a fair which have been held under their auspices.

The regular monthly meeting of the Washington Light Infantry was well attended last night. Several new active and honorary members were elected, and several minor matters were disposed of. The committee appointed to select a site for the new armory did not present their report.

Arrangements have been completed by Goodwill Commandery, U. O. G. C., for a concert at Congregational church on Thanksgiving eve, and the following talent has been secured: Mr. Wm. F. Pruitt, of Philadelphia, baritone, formerly of this city; Miss Minnie Ewan, Prof. Bischoff, Miss Annie Lewis, Mrs. Kaspar, Prof. Schneider, on the cornet; Ed. Hay, Mr. E. J. Whipple, the Mozart orchestra, Prof. K. C. Bernays, and others.

## A FIGHT WITH A BUCK.

The Terrible Struggle of a Sullivan County Guide in the Woods.

New York Tribune.

Old hunters agree in saying that they would rather meet and battle with any other wild animal in the woods than a wounded buck; and Andrew Couch, a famous hunter and guide of this county, is to-day more than ever convinced that the old hunters are right. Sportmen of this place who have just returned from a week's hunt in the Black Lake region, relate an exciting adventure of the hunt. Couch is one of the most noted hunters and guides in the county. He was engaged by the Monticello party to "drive" deer for them. They started two on the first day, but did not succeed in getting a shot. On the second day Couch drove his guide to the hunters. The dogs started a buck in the afternoon, and he followed toward Couch. As it came over the ridge toward the scrub oak the guide saw that it was an enormous buck, and, desiring that the visiting sportsmen should have a shot at it, he charged on the buck and fired a few feet in front of the deer, with the intention of turning it off in the direction of the other hunters, who were stationed in different "run ways" on the ridge. The deer did not change its course, as Couch supposed it would, but turned and made directly for him. He discharged his remaining barrel as the deer as it came bounding toward him, and it fell almost in its tracks. Couch ran to the spot and drew his knife to cut the deer's throat, supposing it was dead. As the hunter was bending over the deer it suddenly sprang to its feet, knocking Couch's knife from his hand, and attacked him with fury, leaping in the air and striking viciously at the hunter with its sharp hoofs. Couch jumped quickly aside and escaped the full force of the deadly stroke of a wounded buck's fore feet. One of the feet, however, struck him on his left shoulder, spun him round like a top, and cut through the sleeve of his heavy hunting-shirt from shoulder to wrist. Couch had his gun in one hand, but it was empty. Before the deer could gather itself for another attack, the hunter dealt it a powerful blow across the neck with the stock of his gun. The blow staggered the buck and shattered the gun. Recovering quickly, the buck sprang at Couch again, and planted both fore feet on his shoulders, felling him to the ground. Knowledge of the great peril he was in led Couch to the high conclusion that he must die. He could not draw a blow upon his chest with his hoofs that would doubtless have been fatal. Couch regained his feet and instantly closed with the buck, shouting meanwhile to his companions for help. Couch believed that the deer had been mortally wounded by the rifle balls, for the blood was flowing in a great stream from its breast, and he hoped that if he could himself hold out long enough and prevent the infuriated animal from striking him with its hoofs he would in a short time see its end. Couch had his gun in one hand, but it was empty. Before the deer could gather itself for another attack, the hunter dealt it a powerful blow across the neck with the stock of his gun. The blow staggered the buck and shattered the gun. Recovering quickly, the buck sprang at Couch again, and planted both fore feet on his shoulders, felling him to the ground. Knowledge of the great peril he was in led Couch to the high conclusion that he must die. He could not draw a blow upon his chest with his hoofs that would doubtless have been fatal. Couch regained his feet and instantly closed with the buck, shouting meanwhile to his companions for help. 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